No. 10

GEO. M. BAKER'S

READING CLUB

HUMOROUS,
PATHETIC,
PATRIOTIC,
DRAMATIC,
SELECTIONS.

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READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

2390 2.68
No. 10.

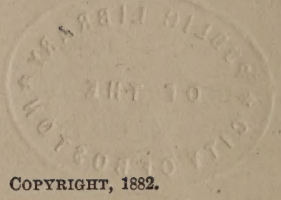
EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 10.

Boston:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.
New York:
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.

Dnpl. L. H.



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By George M. Baker.

B. H.
308.295
Mar. 20, 1882

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

COME, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore;
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake,
We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;
'Midst the fever din of battle, roll of drum, and scream of fife;
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory; in cathedral aisles are seen
Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lash'd the land,
On the "Cyprian" screw steamer, there the Captain took his stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered, than the wild Carnarvon coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,
So he sailed out for the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.

All the luck was dead against him — with the tempest at its height,
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath:
"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,
When with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock.
All was over now and hopeless, but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of home.
"All is over!" screamed the Captain, "You have answered duty's call;
Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope —
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope —
Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day.
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralyzing roar,
All along he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast;
And the Captain with his life-belt — he prepared to follow last;
But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray.
"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stow'd away."

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking — Death was ready for the two.
So the Captain called the outcast — as he faced the tempest wild —
From his own waist took the life-belt — and he bound it round the child!
"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt and make for land.
"Up and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand.
With the life-belt round his body then the urchin cleared the ship;
Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan of Liverpool.
You must answer: They discovered, on the beach at break of day,
Safe — the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;
And they watched the waves of wreckage and they searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast — was no more.

. . . . .

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story when you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man;
Tell it out in tones of triumph or with tears or quickened breath,
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than Death!"

— PUNCH.

(Clement Scott)

A PURPOSE.

FROM one end to the other of the great "boot-room," ran a ceaseless rustle of rapid work. Every man, stripped to the light gossamer wrapper, was doing his best. The company had taken a large contract. Hundreds of thousands of pairs of rubber boots would be turned off within the next few weeks, and thousands of dollars would go to the energetic "piece hands." The faster a man worked, the more money he made. All false and useless motions were left out, and alert, active, the human machines handled the heavy "boot-trees," doing the most intricate "sticking" and "rolling" with a single touch.

At the same long table, in this eager race, worked two men. One was a Southwestern Yankee, scarred and weather-pitted, lean and wiry, whose long arms and bony fingers finished the work with a nicety and dispatch that could only be equalled by the skilled old hands.

His mate was slender, smooth-faced, nervous, quick of motion, and clear of eye. There was no odor of liquor in his breath, no tobacco-stain on his teeth.

No one there knew him. But all respected him. His "picket" for the last month had been the largest in the room, and there were men working with him who had spent a lifetime at boot-making.

The Westerner had noted all of his companion's points carefully, had tried in vain to keep up with him. At last, one day, during the ten minutes' lunch that the "piece men" allowed themselves, he said, "Stranger, mought I ask what's your puppus in drivin' so, and beatin' all the rest?"

The young man smiled, — a bright, pleasant smile, that almost reflected itself in the grave face opposite.

"You think that my rapid work shows a special purpose?" he asked.

"Sartin I do. The mightier a man's puppus, the smarter he is. That's reason. An' ef it a'n't bein' too cur'ous, I'd just like to hev yer puppus."

The young man grew grave, thought a moment, and then said: —

"I have indeed a mighty purpose; one that a lifetime of the hardest work cannot exhaust; and yet I doubt if you would care to hear it."

"I knowed it," said the other; "but go ahead, give it to us straight as yer please; I'm good for't."

"Did you ever know a man to die for a friend?" asked the young man.

"Wall, yes; I knowed a man in Arkansaw that took up another man's fight, and was killed."

"Not in that way; but in cool blood, to take another's place; to be hated, to be sneered at, and at last to be killed, all for the sake of a friend?"

"I can't say as ever I did," replied the Westerner; "'tain't exactly natur', that a'n't."

"No, it isn't very natural to man," was the reply; "yet a friend of mine, for years, bore all the shame and reproach of my deeds. Without a home, with nothing but his innocence, he was at last put to death, by those who so hated him."

The other said nothing, but the burning of his deep-set black eyes showed that the story was not without its effect.

"One who was near him when he died," continued the boot-maker, "wrote me a letter, and in it were the dying wishes of my friend. He said, first, that he forgave me everything, and that he loved me more than any other could love me."

"He'd no need to say that after dyin' for yer," was the husky comment.

"One thing he wished me to do. There were others whom he loved, and who had wronged him. He wished me to go to them, and beg them to accept of his dying love, and be reconciled to him. That is my purpose."

"Stranger," said the listener, "I don't wonder that yer beat us all. I don't know what yer done, that yer pardner should hev died for yer, but I do know that yer a lucky man to hev had such a friend. Don't yer ever go back on his memory, an' — if it a'n't bein' too cur'ous — mought I ask his name?"

"His name was Jesus Christ," was the reverent reply; "His letter is here in the Bible, and with his help I am working here to get money to fit myself more thoroughly to tell men His dying message, and beg them to become reconciled to Him."

There was no further time for talking, yet the young man felt that the other understood.

The next day the Westerner was not in his place, and

word went round that he was off on a spree. He never came back.

Three years after this, the young boot-maker, having finished his studies, was preaching in a store in the far West, when he noted a tall, weather-beaten man, who entered and seated himself on a box. There was something familiar in his make-up, some suggestion of the past, which, however, did not explain itself until, after the sermon, he came forward, saying:

"Yer not the only man in this deestrict that's got a puppus. I've read that letter many times, an' in all sorts of places, since you brought it up to me. I've been down in the mines, an' out among the Injuns, tellin' the boys of it, an' now I'm bound for Lower Californey. Give us a grip of yer hand, brother, an' don't forget yer puppus."

BUILDING AND BEING.

THE king would build, so a legend says,
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The king's great treasure was placed at hand,
And with it the sovereign's one command, —

"Build well, O builder, so good and great!
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare of my wealth to show
A prouder palace than mortals know,"

The king took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long,
But found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well-spent gold;
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said,
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment dire were passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,
That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,
And thus to his brother the king he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O my king!
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw, by the gates of gold,
A palace finer than tongue has told;

"Its walls and towers were lifted high
In beautiful grace to the bending sky;

"Its glories, there in that radiant place,
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care

"For our fellow-men, and that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The king this vision pondered well,
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon-cell,

And said, "O builder, he most is wise
Who buildeth ever for Paradise."

[From "GERALDINE: A SOUVENIR OF THE ST. LAWRENCE."]

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as bright as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery,
Laughing aloud at the seamew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west,

Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the Western frontier —
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance —
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"Its strange that I cannot find —
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle —
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
  But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
  "You'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling,"—
  How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint,—
  "I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
  Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
  Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
  The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
  Said the clown to pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded;
  "I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
  Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
  And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
  When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
  From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
  With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
  Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby"—
  The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
  In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right loyally,—
  The fair little baby-king,—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
  A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
  And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

OUR BABY.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy;" and then, as soon as you have got it,

they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes, while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again, the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy, to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him, he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came, she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black.

You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they had said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to

church, or something that didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later, the storm shall beat
Over my slumber, from head to feet;
Sooner or later, the wind shall rave
In the long grasses above my grave.

I shall not heed them where they lie—
Nothing their sound shall signify;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later in summer's air
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shalt not feel, in that deep-laid rest,
The sheeted light fall over my breast;
Nor ever note, in those hidden hours,
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That recks not the deep and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later, the bee shall come,
And fill the noon with its golden hum;

Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,
The bluebird above my grave shall sing.

Sing and chirrup, and whistle with glee;
Nothing his music can mean to me;
None of those beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later the darkling dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the silent tomb;
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow,
Sooner or later; oh, why not now?

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

THERE can be nothing sadder than the solemn hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of autumn, with the billowy bronze and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robe of oak and maple, bespeak the closing hour of nature's teeming life, and the silent farewell to humanity's gauze underwear.

Thus while nature dons her regal robes of scarlet and gold, in honor of the farewell benefit to autumn, the sad-eyed poet steals swiftly away to the neighboring clothes-line, and in the hour of nature's grand blow-out dons the flaming flannels of his friend out of respect for the hectic flush of the dying year.

Leaves have their time to fall, and so has the price of coal. And yet how sadly at variance with decaying nature is the robust coal market.

Another glorious summer, with its wealth of pleasant memories, is stored away among the archives of our history. Another gloomy winter is upon us. These wonderful colors that flame across the softened sky of Indian summer like the gory banner of a royal conqueror, come but to warn us that

in a few short weeks the water-pipe will be busted in the kitchen, and the decorated wash-bowl will be broken.

We flit through the dreamy hours of summer like swift-winged bumble bees amid the honeysuckle and pumpkin-blossoms, storing away perhaps a little glucose honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future; but all at once, like a newspaper thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe, mellow chilblains *is* upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast, and hump our spinal column up into the crisp air like a Texas steer that has thoughtlessly swallowed a raw cactus.

Life is one continued round of alternate joys and sorrows. To-day we are on the top wave of prosperity, and warming ourselves in the glad sunlight of plenty, and to-morrow we are cast down and depressed financially, and have to stand up the washerwoman for our clean shirt or stay at home from the opera.

The October sky already frowns down upon us, and its frozen tears begin to fall. The little birds have hushed their little lay. So has the fatigued hen. Only a little while and the yawning chasm in the cold, calm features of the Thanksgiving turkey will be filled with voluptuous stuffing and then sewed up. The florid features of the polygamous gobbler will be wrapped in sadness, and cranberry pie will be a burden, for the veal cutlet goeth to its long home, and the ice-cream freezer is broken in the wood-house.

Oh, time! thou bald-headed pelican with the venerable corn-cutter and the second-hand hourglass, thou playest strange pranks upon the children of men. No one would think, to look at thy bilious countenance and store teeth, that in thy bony bosom lurked such eccentric schemes.

The chubby boy, whose danger-signal hangs sadly through the lattice-work of his pants, knows that Time, who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl, and experience, and a soft white moustache, and eventually a low grave in the valley, beneath the sighing elms and the weeping willow, where, in the misty twilight of the year, noiselessly upon his breast shall fall the dead leaf, while the silent tear of the gray autumnal sky will come and sink into the yellow grass above his head.

BILL NYE.

THE CRUISE OF THE MONITOR.

Out of a Northern city's bay,
'Neath lowering clouds, one bleak March day,
Glided a craft, — the like I ween,
On ocean's crest was never seen
Since Noah's float,
That ancient boat,
Could o'er a conquered deluge gloat.

No raking masts, with clouds of sail,
Bent to the breeze, or braved the gale;
No towering chimney's wreaths of smoke
Betrayed the mighty engine's stroke;
But low and dark,
Like the crafty shark,
Moved in the waters this novel bark.

The fishers stared as the flitting sprite
Passed their huts in the misty light,
Bearing a turret huge and black,
And said, "The old sea-serpent's back,
Carting away,
By light of day,
Uncle Sam's fort from New York Bay."

Forth from a Southern city's dock,
Our frigates' strong blockade to mock,
Crept a monster of rugged build,
The work of crafty hands, well skilled, —
Old "Merrimack,"
With an iron back,
Wooden ships would find hard to crack.

Straight to where the "Cumberland" lay,
The mail-clad monster made its way;
Its deadly prow struck deep and sure,
And the hero's fighting days were o'er.
Ah! many the braves
Who found their graves,
With that good ship, beneath the waves.

But with their fate is glory wrought.
Those hearts of oak like heroes fought
With desperate hope to win the day,
And crush the foe that 'fore them lay.
Our flag uprun,
The last-fired gun,
Tokens how bravely duty was done.

Flushed with success, the victor flew,
Furious, the startled squadron through;
Sinking, burning, driving ashore,
Until that sabbath day was o'er,
Resting at night
To renew the fight
With vengeful ire by morning's light.

Out of its den it burst anew,
When the grey mist the sun broke through,
Steaming to where, in clinging sands,
The frigate "Minnesota" stands,
A sturdy foe
To overthrow,
But in woeful plight to receive a blow.

But see! beneath her bow appears
A champion no danger fears;
A pigmy craft, that seems to be
To this new lord who rules the sea,
Like David of old
To Goliath bold, —
Youth and giant, by Scripture told.

Round the roaring despot playing,
With willing spirit, helm obeying,
Spurning the iron against it hurled,
While belching turret rapid whirled,
And swift shot's seethe,
With smoky wreath,
Told that the shark was showing his teeth, —

The "Monitor" fought. In grim amaze
The "Merrimacks" upon it gaze,
Cowering 'neath the iron hail,
Crashing into their coat of mail;

They swore "this craft,
The Devil's shaft,
Looked like a cheese-box on a raft."

Hurrah! little giant of '62!
Bold Worden with his gallant crew
Forces the fight; the day is won;
Back to his den the monster's gone,
With crippled claws
And broken jaws,
Defeated in a reckless cause.

Hurrah for the master mind that wrought,
With iron hand, this iron thought!
Strength and safety with speed combined,
Ericsson's gift to all mankind;
To curb abuse,
And chains to lose,
Hurrah for the Monitor's famous cruise!

GEORGE M. BAKER.

NO YEARNING FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

MR. MIX, the owner of the marble yard in our place has been advertising regularly in the Morning Argus for some time past, and the other day, when the bill was sent to him, he called upon Colonel Bangs, the proprietor, to see him about it. The following conversation ensued:

Mix—"Colonel, I came 'round to have a little talk about this advertising bill. It's bigger'n I expected; a good deal bigger, and as times are hard and people not indulging in high priced monuments and such luxuries, I want to see if I can't make some kind of arrangement with you. If I can't get you to take it part out in trade."

Bangs—"Hm-m-m! I don't know."

Mix—"Now how'd you like a blue marble dog with his mouth open and his tail switched over on his ribs? I've got one of the loveliest of those things that you ever saw. It's a work of art. You can almost hear him growl, he's so natural. You ought to have a marble dog. It's a sign of cultivated taste. It shows that a man has a love for the beautiful. I can rig him up in your parlor, or I might

speckle him over with paint and put him in your front yard to skeer the boys off your grass. If you have that dog laying there and you stand at the door and bark, there isn't a boy anywhere dar'st come within forty feet of the house at night."

Bangs — "I believe I don't care for a dog."

Mix — "I thought perhaps you wouldn't, although I pledge you my word that this one's got nothing the matter with him but a few insignificant nicks in his nose. But let me put you in a tombstone. Ah! there's the thing for a man of refinement. I tell you what I might do. Get up a glorious tombstone for each member of your family; have all the names fixed on, so's you can see how they look, and leave the dates blank. Then you can have a verse of poetry chiselled on each one, and everything all ready just to plant over the grave when anybody dies, all comfortable and nice, with no fuss, or hurry, or worry, while your heart's breaking over your loss. You could stand them around your setting-room, you know, waiting for the fatal hour. Or, maybe, you'd rather I'd fix you up a family vault out in the cemetery. I'll do it for almost nothing at all. Get it up splendid with your monogram on the front, and five bins on the inside, one marked 'Mortimer,' for you, another inscribed with the name of — le's see, what your wife's first name? Emma? Yes; another with 'Emma' on it, and the others dedicated to your boys 'William,' 'Simeon,' and 'Holofernes.' It'll be a real nice snug home for you all when you're gone. All layin' there together, quiet and peaceful with the storms all over, and sickness and taxes and such things forever past! I'll run you up a sepulchre that you'll yearn after. Now how large do you measure 'round the chest, so's I can make your bin big enough? A corpse wants room. I never fit remains tight in a family vault. You might come to life and want to turn over."

Bangs — "I think I shall hardly take a vault just now."

Mix — "O, very well — all right. I don't insist. I only wanted to throw out a genteel sort of idea about it. But how are you on front steps? Look here, now, I tell you what I'll do — you build a new house, with the front door in the second story, and I'll run you up a flight of steps that'll dance round any other steps in the tropic of Capricorn. I'll make them terrific. Perfectly splendid. People'll come miles to see them. I'll advertise your paper, and we might put a bust of Daniel Webster on one side and

a figure of Moses on the other. I've got a bust and a statue of those fellers so good that everybody that knew them says they're better than life — everybody that knew Daniel Webster anyhow. Or if you don't want to build, le's put a row of marble steps clear round your old house. It would be a staggerer. People are too scrimpy about such things generally. Now a house with steps all round it taking in the woodshed, too, would just lay over anything that they've got in Venice, and not more'n half try either."

Bangs —"Don't want any steps."

Mix —"Now if you are the kind of man I take you for — culture, feeling, a love for high art and such things — I know exactly what you *do* want. I can read your thoughts while I'm talking to you. You are saying to yourself,—'If Mix only had a figure of little Samuel saying his prayers, and an angel looking at him, I'd take that.' Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but I've got that very identical group. It's just lovely. Why, the women come in, shed tears over it, and everybody gets excited except Barney Maginn, who asked my foreman why he turned up the angel's nose, and why little Samuel's big toe was four inches long. It was made longer so's to keep his leg from getting loose. But nobody minds Maginn. Now I'll just throw that glorious work of art away on you. I'll sacrifice it. You may have it for the price of the marble, It'll make your boys devotional. It'll light up your family circle. You might put it in the entry for a kind of hat-rack. Lay your umbrella against the angel and rest your hat on Samuel. It's one chance in ten thousand. Cancel that bill, and you'll find that delicious statue in the house when you get home.

Bangs —"Mr. Mix, guess I'll have to ask for the cash."

Mix —"What ! Won't take Samuel, or the steps, or the dog, or anything? "

Bangs —"I think I'll have to say no."

Mix —"Not even a sleeping lion with his tail under him, or a mantle-piece, or a hitching-post? "

Bangs —"No."

Mix —"Well, well. And you talk about educating the public. You want to shove yourself off as a man of sense and learning. Why such a man as you ain't fit to write for a paper that's used for lamp-lighters in a blind asylum; you ain't indeed."

Then Mr. Mix went over to the cashier's desk and paid the bill.

MAX ADELER.

RAVENSWOOD'S OATH.

"I bide my time."—*Bride of Lammermoor.*

"I bide my time!" though foes conspire
To rob my sire of burial rights,
Their blood shall feed a funeral pyre
Lit by an hundred blazing lights!
The hands that erst assail'd his life
Quail not to hear his requiem chime,
But point toward me the blood-spent knife:—
I heed them not — I bide my time!

I bide my time! Firm friends and true,
Who faithful served my sire of yore;
Swear that your claymores ye'll embrue
In every foeman's base heart's gore!
Swear from the slaughter ne'er to cease,
E'en as ye hear the requiem chime —
To heed no craven cries for peace, —
Your leader, I! I bide my time!

I bide my time. My father's corse
By thee I swear, for thee the oath;
Nor love, nor fear, nor pale remorse,
Nor maiden's prayer, nor plighted troth
Can stay my anger! Speed the hour
That shall recall the requiem's chime!
Till then, lie dormant vengeful power!
My legend still — "I'll bide my time!"

A. Wallace Thaxter.

THE WIDOW TO HER SON.

Remember Dennis all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You mind, avick, and never say a word.
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share —
The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May —
She died, poor thing, but that you needn't mind,
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind.
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn.
'Twould be as well to mention them by name —
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe and Sammy Carn,
And big Tim Daley, from behind the hill;
And say, agra, oh! say I miss him still.

They came with ready hands our toil to share;
'Twas then I missed him most, my own right hand,
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hands, brave hearts, one severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell him she was with us — he'll know who,
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, loveliest blue
I ever saw except in summer skies!
And such black hair! It is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
And moped, poor dog! 'Twas well he didn't die.
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.
Hail, rain or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same —
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome like and cold;
The fire itself is robbed of half its light;
But may be 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my fading sight.
For all that tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing, morning, noon and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand as his brave father stood —
True to his name, his country, and his God;
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

THE DUBLIN FREEMAN.

THE BANKER AND THE COBBLER.

THERE was a cobbler who sang all day;
'Twas wonderful to see the man, and then
To hear him quavering away,
Happier than any of the Seven Wise Men!
His neighbor, on the contrary, who rolled
In heaps of gold,
Sung little and slept less; he had a bank:
And if, at times, near dawn, he ever sank
Into a doze, the cobbler, like a lark at
His singing, would not let him sleep a wink!
The banker grieved that Heaven did not decree
Sleep to be bought and sold, at market,
Like meat and drink.

He had the singer brought to him; says he:
"Pray, Master Crispin, what's your yearly income?"
"Income!" the jolly cobbler cries, quite gay,
"I do not make my reckoning in that way.
With one day heaped on the other, but I think 'em
All right enough if so it comes about,
I make both ends meet when the twelvemonth's out,
The day just brings its daily bread always."

"Well, what do you make a day?" the rich man says,
"Why, more or less; the worst — (and but for this
Our gains would not be very much amiss),
The worst is, we've so many holydays;
These saints' days almost ruin us outright,
Each festival impoverishes its brother;
And then our curate does take such delight
In finding for us some new saint or other."

The banker laughed at his free, simple way:
"Crispin! I'll make a king of you to-day;
Look at these hundred crowns! I give you these;
Go, use them as you please."

The cobbler thought he handled all the ore
That had been dug a hundred years or more.
For the whole world — he thought he had it all;
Then he went home to his own stall,
And there he buried in a hole
His cash — and with it all his mirth of soul.
No more gay songs; he lost his voice in getting
What causes all our pains, sleep left his bed,
And the cares came instead.
Endless alarms, suspicions all besetting —
By day his eyes glanced both ways, and by night
If any cat but mewed upon her rounds,
The cat was at the cash! At last the wight
Ran to the man whom he had ceased to wake;
"Give me," he cries, "my songs and sleep, and take —
Take back these hundred crowns."

LAFONTAINE.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

SHE was a very little girl,
And as I bent and kissed her,
"There, that is for yourself," I said,
"And this is for your sister."

Last night I called in friendly way;
Some gay girl friends were there,
And laugh and jest went gayly round,
To banish weary care.

The little girl came romping in,
And unto me said she, —
"I dive that tiss to sizzer Bell,
'Ou left for her wiz me.

"She tissed me lots o' times, an' said,
When folkses 'ouldn't see,
I might dive 'em to 'ou — dust wait
'Till 'ou's alone wiz me!"

I blushed, and so did sister Bell,
The gay girl friends, ah me!
I wished the horrid, horrid things
A thousand miles at sea!

SAVING MOTHER.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint —
Content, all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke: —

"There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay, —
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have sumpthin' put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestuns to buy —
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So'f I was you, I'll tell what I'd du:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could —
Extry fire don't du any good —
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.

I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes —
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new —
I guess we can make the old one du.
And as for the washer, an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents' so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Du they calkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe,
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go,
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin —
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother —

"You talk of savin' wood and ile
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

THE SHARPSHOOTER'S MISS.

YES, that old rifle hanging there its pension, too, has won;
And every notch upon its stock shows what its aim has done.
Its name, "Old Neverfail," it earned from more than one brigade;
And through the war, from end to end, but one clear miss it made.

That one? Well, this was how it came: 'Twas down in Tennessee,
Just after Richmond fell, and Grant had got the sword of Lee,
Our regiment, the Fourth Vermont, for ten long months had fought,
And watched, and chased a raider-chief who still could not be caught.

We called him "Fly-by-Night" (a name that suited us as well);
The moon ne'er went behind a cloud but rose his charging yell!
He'd fight and run, and run and fight, but ever slipped away,
And which side got the most hard knocks 'twould puzzle me to say.

So, when the order to disband was passed along from Lee,
We felt like some big dog who'd nipped at last a plaguing flea;
And as, to give parole, rode in those men in dusty gray —
Though all our boys stood on parade, and all the bands did play —

We felt as though a funeral, somehow, was going on,
To see those gallant foemen drop, all hopeless and forlorn.
So worn and wan their leader rode before his silent host,
It seemed as though both cause and man had faded to a ghost!
And while their arms were being stacked, the parole being read,
He stood apart with shaded eyes and low averted head;
But when the color-guard advanced to turn his standard in,
He lifted to the short, torn rag his haggard face and thin;

With husky voice, to gruff old Kent, our colonel, prim and stern,
He said: "With victory crowned to-day to happy homes you turn,
While we to waste and ravaged farms our weary footsteps bend;
Yours all the glory — ours the loss, the shame, the bitter end —

Grant, then, I bear from this sad spot one remnant of my pride;
This ragged flag, that four long years has floated by my side;
From half a score of hopeless fights I've borne it in my breast!
So take my sword to Washington to hang among the rest;

"But leave this tattered shred to me." Our colonel shook his head, —
"No time for buncombe. Sergeant! Here! Receive the flag," he said.
The raider's face grew dark, and quick his breath, as you have seen
The wounded stag pant when he hears the hounds come closing in.
Hard by his horse stood; 'gainst his cheek he felt the banner waft;
Then, with one catlike bound he tore his idol from its staff!
Quick in his teeth the colors caught, into the saddle leapt!
A shout — a rush of flying feet — off like the wind he swept!

Crash! went our volley; all in vain. "Quick! Mount! and cut him down!"
Our colonel roared; and soon his staff and all who horses found
Tore after through the floating dust the human whirlwind raised;
While all our rowels brought the blood, and all our carbines blazed.
He was the comet, we the tail strung wildly out behind,
And though our firing never ceased, still backward on the wind
Fluttered that flag, and though full oft his hard-hit horse would reel,
Still gamey was his rider borne in spite of all our steel.

"We'll catch him by the river cliff, if this the course he keep!"
Cried one. The horse was never foaled would take that awful leap.

"See there! they're down!" But, no; he'd but the saddle
cast away;
And lightened even by that weight, the roan rushed on its
way.
But when we reached the river's edge — sheer forty feet the
bank —
Beneath, a drifting stain of blood showed where the stunned
horse sank;
And, as we watched, his rider's head rose midway in the tide,
And with the flag still floating back, swam for the other
side.

"Fire!" called the colonel, smiling grim, "we'll stop this
bravo's fun!"
But not a cartridge in the troop remained unused but one.
That one the colonel passed to me. "Old Neverfail," he
said,
"Aim sure, and let the war's last shot be through yon mad-
man's head."
I took the charge and slipped it home, then set the breech-
sight true;
An inch above the sun-browned neck the fine-drawn bead
I drew,
And glancing from the shining tube to that dark head
below,
My comrades held their breath until I pulled and let
her go.

Perhaps a sudden heart-beat then the sure old piece un-
flung;
Or maybe, unbeknown, a tear upon my eyelid hung;
All is, that something caused just then "Old Neverfail" to
sag,
For the only hole the bullet made was one more through
that flag;
And there, like men of stone, we sat (although the colonel
swore),
Until he safely stemmed the flood and gained the further
shore;
And, somehow, when by camp-fire light this yarn the boys
would tell,
They'd say, although the old gun missed, it never shot so
well.

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

BRUDDER JOHNSON ON 'LECTRICITY.

"SPEAKIN' ob 'lectricity," said the Rev. Plato Johnson in a moment of confidence to our special reporter, "it 'pears to me dat dare ought to be some way foun' out so dat you need'n come into personal contac' wid de current. Mr. Edison tole me it can't go froo glass; but den, don' yer see, a man can't cork hisself up in a glass bottle all de time, so he need'n be struck wid lightnin'. De fac' is, an' dat's wat I tole Mr. Edison, 'lectricity, in de present stage ob progress, is like a wild hoss ob de prarys wat has been catched, but nobody has put de harness on him yet. Now puttin' de harness on is a job wat not ebberybody is willin' to undertake. You 'proach de front end ob de hoss wid de kindest intentions, wid a bridle in yer han', an', unless yer wants to die sudden, wid considerable caution. Still, you find a look in his eyes dat don' give you de 'pression dat he returns yer 'fection. You muss be able to step about putty lively, cos a animule ob dat kind has de 'bility to turn 'roun' an' present de odder end, de total 'pravity end, in the twinklin' ob an eye, an' ef he does, wy, you is likely to fin' yerself trabblin' froo space like a 'spress train' behin' time, an' wen you land on de odder side de fence you is mity glad somebody build dat fence, an' put it rite down 'tween you an' dat hoss. You feel as though you wish dat hoss had nebber been born, or as if you wished hosses, specially wild ones, was made wid only two legs, and dose both front ones. Now, den, dat's de way wid lightnin'. Some people is specially 'dapted to handle it, but I don't 'long to dat class. I kin preach an' show de sinner de bottomless pit till he smells de brimstone all ober de church, but when it comes to chain lightnin' jest cotched an' runnin' loose without any halter on, well, all I can say is dat I'd rather be 'scused, cos I has a large family, an' dey needs me a little longer on de yearth.

"De odder day Mr. Edison he says, 'Brudder Johnson, I show you de 'fect ob dis current on one ob de lower orders ob creation. You see dat cat yander?' I says 'Yes, Mr. Edison, I certainly sees a cat dere, an' a beautiful Moltese it is, too.' I went up an' stroked dat pore cat in 'fectionate sort ob way, till at last Mr. Edison say he were ready. He put a bowl ob milk down on de floor, an' den he put one

wire in de milk and leff de odder on the floor where de cat be sure to tread on it, you see? Dat Moltese 'proached dat milk kinder slow like, ez though she 'spicioned dat Mr. Edison wasn't a man to be 'tirely trusted. At lass, just though she come to the 'clusion dat no mortal man could be mean 'nuff to play a trick on a pore cat, she began to lap dat milk. You know what happen? You ebber see such a thing as dat? Well, my sympathies was wid de cat, but I could'n do nothin'. De 'speriment was in de interest of de science ob de nineteenth century, an' I rather de cat take de dose dan me. De minnit de tongue tetch dat milk about a hundred thunderbolts went rite through dat cat. I never was so scart for a few seconds in all my life. I heard a meaow dat sounded like a anvil chorus ob all de Moltese cats in de universe. Wid ebbery hair standin' on end, wid her back all humped up like a camel, wid her tail es large es de brush ob a fox, dat Moltese was in the air 'way up 'bove our heads. When she struck de ground she continued de concert an' broke for de door es though she had no hopes ob life so long es she stayed in dat buildin'. 'You see dat?' says Mr. Edison. 'Well,' I says, 'I thought I seed somefin in de air for a minnit. I guess that cat is convinced dat homœopathy is de only way to take 'lectricity. Will she ebber come back, do you think?' 'Nebber,' says Mr. Edison, 'nebber.' 'Den,' says I, 'de man wat says dat a cat ain't a reasonable human bein' don't know what he's talkin' 'bout. An' ef de cat knows nuff not to try dat ting a second time, do you tink I knows less dan she does? I shall foller dat cat an' let lightnin' alone for de futur' an' keep my rheumatiz.'"

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

THE Blue is marching South once more,
With serried steel and stately tread;
Their martial music pealed before,
Their flag of stars flashed overhead.
Ah! not through storm and stress they come,
The thunders of old hate are dumb,
And frank as clear October's ray
This meeting of the Blue and Gray.

The Phœnix from her outworn fires,
  Her gory ashes, rising free,
Fair Charleston, with her stainless spires,
  Gleams by the silver-stranded sea.
No hurtling hail nor hostile ball
Breaks through the treacherous battle-pall;
True voices speak from hearts as true,
For strife lies dead 'twixt Gray and Blue.

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed,
  Still glooms beyond his shattered keep;
But where his bolts of lightning flamed,
  There broods a quiet, mild as sleep.
His granite base, long cleansed of blood,
Is circled by a golden flood;
Type of that peace whose sacred sway
Enfolds the Blue, exalts the Gray.

The sea-tides faintly rise afar,
  And — wings of all the breezes furled —
Seem slowly borne o'er beach and bar,
  Dream-murmurings from a spirit world.
Through throbbing drum and bugle trill,
The distant calm seems deeper still,—
Deep as that faith whose cordial dew
Hath soothed the Gray and charmed the Blue.

O'er Ashley's breast the autumn smiles,
  All mellowed in her hazy fold,
While the white arms of languid isles
  Are girdled by ethereal gold.
All nature whispers: War is o'er,
Fierce feuds have fled our sea and shore;
Old wrongs forget, old ties renew,
O heroes of the Gray and Blue!

The Southern Palm and Northern Pine
  No longer clash through leaf and bough;
Tranquillities of depth benign
  Have bound their blending foliage now;
Serene they shine in sun-lit noon,
Or, tranced by cloudless star and moon,
Their equal shadows softly play
Above the Blue, across the Gray.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and Abbot, and Prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree —
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out, through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there, like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys,— dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-cologne;

And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody 's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,—they examine the mugs:—
But no!—no such thing;— they can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping that every night
He should dream of the devil and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn:
When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped — he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression, served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
— When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd;
He grew sleek and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied,— or if any one swore,—
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When as words were too faint his merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

BARHAM.

DEATH OF THE OLD WIFE.

SHE had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily laden breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who sat motionless by the bedside. He bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his. "Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not. "Yes," he answered softly, "it is growing dark." "Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?" Poor old man! how could he answer her? the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard, — who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had lain down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.—"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?" "'My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded.' What does it matter if the way is dark? I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light. I'd rather walk with him by faith, than walk alone by sight." "John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave-dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands, — hands that had

labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding-ring was worn to a mere thread of gold, — and then he pressed his thin lips to them and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a deathbed together — closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone. And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods; of gathering May-flowers and strolling with John; of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding-feasts and deathbed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath-bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold-beads about her thin neck and the folds of white tulle, only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar — she had loved cedar — she had loved to sing over her work:

> "Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
> Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by the likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly: "You've found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in over seventy years, but it won't be for long — it won't be for long." And it was not. The winter snows

have not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding. We had planned much for it, and I wonder — I wonder — but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

SQUIRE HOUSTON'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

You bromish now, you goot man dare,
  Vot sthands ubon de vloor,
To hab dish vooman for your vife,
  Und lub her ebbermore;
To feed her vell mit sourkraut,
  Peens, putthermilks und scheese,
Und in all dings to lend your aid,
  Dat vill bromote her ease?

"Yesh;" und you vooman sthandin dare,
  Do bledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill took for your hoospand,
  Dis man — und him obey;
Dat you vill ped und poard mit him,
  Vosh, iron und mend his cloothes,
Laf ven he shmiles, veep ven he moorns,
  Und chare his shoys und voes?

Vell, den, I now, viddin dese valls,
  Mit shoy, und not mit kreef,
Bronounch you bote to pe one mind,
  Von name, von man, von beef;
I pooblish here dese holy pands,
  Dese matthermoonial ties,
Pefore Got, mine frow, Hans und Poll,
  Und all dese gazin eyes.

Und, as de shacred Schripture says,
  Vot God unites togedder
Let no man dare ashunder put,
  Let no man dare dem sever.
Dare! britekroom, now schoost you sthop,
  I'll hold tight fasht your collar,
Unteel you anshwer me dish ting,
  Und dat's — *vare ish mine tollar?*

THE BAFFLED BOOK AGENT.

He came in briskly and sat down, with a corner of his paper collar reared over his left ear. A qualmy smell of last week's clothes hung about him. He turned his glass eyes upon us, and, loosening his india-rubber tongue, began: —

"'The Universal History of the Universe' — in two thousand instalments — fifty cents an instalment — three hundred engravings — "

"Stop, my friend. Restrain that intellectual flow — dam up that torrent of eloquence. Listen to me. Do you know what has come to me since I saw you last? It was in Octo — "

"But sir" interrupted the book-agent, "you never saw me before."

"Never saw you! Impossible! Could one who once gazed on those noble lineaments ever forget them? Could that coy wart on the nose be ever forgotten, or that eloquent mole on your iron jaw? Never, never! It was in October that I met you last. Blessed October,— that month of ripeness and of sobered passion! Do you know of all the months in the year, October is — "

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the book-agent, rolling his brass eyelids in desperation, "you are — "

"Pardon me, sir; I cannot allow any man to hold the reins of conversation over me,— I will not be interrupted,— to resume: my great-grandmother was the pertest woman of her age that you ever saw. She was one hundred and thirty-two years old, and yet was as chipper as the best of us. My brother, who was an inventive man, put her on a pair of wheels, and it would have done you good to have seen her scoot around. I suppose ours was the only family that could boast of a grandmother on wheels, and yet — "

"But, sir, I am in a great hurry, and — "

"You must positively not interrupt me, my friend. As I was saying before, when a man has a family growing up around him it is hard to say which one he loves best. And yet that boy of mine, with the strawberry mark on his left ear — there's a queer story connected with that strawberry-mark, that would please you,— have you a child? "

"I am the father of thirteen miserable children," he replied.

"Ah, then you can sympathize with my story. You have been a mother yourself. Ah, you can sound the depth of a mother's love! It is as deep as an artesian well, as high as a liberty-pole. It soars like a Chinese kite, it grovels like a ground-hog. It is sweet to be a mother. It gives us a new life, and fills us with a broad, deep, sweet — "

"Really, sir, I haven't the time — " broke out the perplexed and desperate agent.

"Now there you go again. You throw me out every time. But to go back to our conversation: I do think he was the sweetest dog I ever saw. Although he was quite young when he was born, he seemed to take to learning naturally. When I would send him to drive the pigs out of the yard, he would take the little pigs patronizingly by the ear" —

"Ha, ha!" laughed the book-agent, dolefully; "quite a bright dog — quite bright — but would you like this 'Univ — "

"Interrupting me again there! But it don't matter. To resume: As I said before, the boat was very small, and quite cranky. It rocked wildly, the girl became excited, and it was hard to control her. You have doubtless been on the water, and understand — "

Just here the book-agent rose, his steel joints snapping viciously. He cast one wild, scared look around him, and made for the door. Having reached the door, he turned and looked back hungrily. He brightened up, as if he were going to open the conversation again; but he gulped his sorrow down hastily, and fled.

"Come back and see us again," we called, blandly, over the stairs. "You are such a good listener it's a pleasure to talk to you. Yes, come again. Come during the next centennial!"

SCENE FROM MARY STUART.

(*The Park at Fotheringay.*)

MARY. Farewell, high thought, and pride of noble mind!
I will forget my dignity, and all
My sufferings; I will fall before *her* feet,
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.
[*She turns towards* ELIZABETH.

The voice of Heaven decides for you, my sister.
Your happy brows are now with triumph crown'd,
I bless the Power Divine, which thus hath rais'd you.
[*She kneels.*
But in your turn be merciful, my sister;
Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZABETH (*stepping back*).
You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart;
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY (*with increasing energy of feeling*).
Think on all earthly things, vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honor them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!
. . . Dishonor not
Yourself in me: profane not, nor disgrace
The royal blood of Tudor.

ELIZ. (*cold and severe*).
What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wish'd to speak with me; and I, forgetting
The Queen, and all the wrongs I have sustain'd,
Fulfill the pious duty of the sister,
And grant the boon you wished for of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the gen'rous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low.
For well you know, you would have had me murder'd.

MARY. O! how shall I begin? O, how shall I
So artfully arrange my cautious words,
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart? —
I am a Queen, like you, yet you have held me
Confin'd in prison. As a suppliant
I came to you, yet you in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality;
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,
Immur'd me in a dungeon — tore from me
My friends and servants; to unseemly want
I was exposed, and hurried to the bar
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.

No more of this; — in everlasting silence
Be buried all the cruelties I suffer'd!
See — I will throw the blame of all on fate,
'Twas not your fault, no more than it was mine.
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To kindle in our hearts the flames of hate,
By which our tender youth had been divided.
[*Approaching her confidently, and with a flattering tone.*
Now stand we face to face; now, sister, speak;
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you, —
Alas! had you vouchsaf'd to hear me then,
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,
Here in this mournful place, have happen'd now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ. My better stars preserv'd me. I was warn'd,
And laid not to my breast the pois'nous adder!
Accuse not fate! your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house.
But God is with me. The blow was aim'd
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls!

MARY. I'm in the hand of Heav'n. You never will
Exert so cruelly the pow'r it gives you.

ELIZ. Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the Kings of Europe the example,
How to conclude a peace with those they hate?
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY. You have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger, and an enemy,
Had you declar'd me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
In me had fix'd, for you, a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZ. Your friendship is abroad.
Name *you* my successor! The treach'rous snare!
That in my life you might seduce my people;
And, like a sly Armida, in your net
Entangle all our noble English youth;
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I —

MARY. O sister, rule your realm in peace.

I give up ev'ry claim to these domains —
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lam'd;
Greatness entices me no more: your point
Is gained; I am but Mary's shadow now —
My noble spirit is at last broke down
By long captivity: — you've done your worst
On me; you have destroy'd me in my bloom!
Now, end your work, my sister; — speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe that you are come
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
Pronounce this word; — say, "Mary, you are free:
You have already felt my pow'r, — learn now
To honor too my generosity."
Say this, and I will take my life, will take
My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone; — I wait for it; —
O, let it not be needlessly delay'd.
Woe to you, if you end not with this word!
For should you not, like some divinity,
Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,
Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,
For all the realms encircled by the deep,
Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

ELIZ. And you confess, at last, that you are conquer'd:
Are all your schemes run out? No more assassins
Now on the road? Will no adventurer
Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over: — You'll seduce
No mortal more. The world has other cares; —
None is ambitious of the dang'rous honor
Of being your fourth husband.

MARY (*starting angrily*). Sister, sister! —
Grant me forbearance, all ye pow'rs of heaven!

ELIZ. (*regards her long, with a look of proud contempt*).
These, then, are the charms
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?
In sooth, this honor has been cheaply gain'd.

MARY. This is too much!

ELIZ. (*laughing insultingly*).
You show us now, indeed,
Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.

MARY (*burning with rage, yet dignified and noble*).
My sins were human, and the faults of youth;
Superior force misled me. I have never
Denied or sought to hide it: I despis'd
All false appearance, as became a Queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,
That I am better than the fame I bear.
Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,
With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veil'd
The raging flames of lawless secret lust.
Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anna Boleyn to the fatal block.
I've supported
What human nature can support: farewell,
Lamb-hearted resignation, passive patience,
Fly to thy native heaven; burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long-suppressèd rancor!
And thou, who to the anger'd basilisk
Impart'st the murd'rous glance, O, arm my tongue
With poison'd darts!
(*raising her voice*). A pretender
Profanes the English throne! The gen'rous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, [whose whole figure
Is false and painted, heart as well as face!]
If right prevail'd, you now would in the dust
Refore me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!
[ELIZABETH *hastily retires.*
MARY. At last, at last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
One moment of victorious revenge!

SCHILLER.

A CHRISTMAS ELEGY.

THE holidays advance, with measured tread,
The snow-clouds drift athwart the sombre skies,
The average youngster daily goes to bed
To dream of Santa Claus and pumpkin pies.

The baker kneads his dough with swifter ease,
And moulds his wares in figures rare and quaint;
The kind confectioner, in hope to please,
Tips off his candies with fresh coats of paint.

Full many a colic-cramp and mortal throe
The dark, unfathomed depths of mince-meat bear,
Full many a soul the candy, white as snow,
Has hastened homeward up the golden stair.

CONVERSION OF COLONEL QUAGG.

Colonel Quagg and his anvil were, one April evening, in fierce dispute about a red-hot horseshoe. The fire roared, the sparks flew up the chimney, and the bellows blew fiercely. The colonel had the advantage of a hammer that Tubal Cain might have wielded when he fashioned the first ploughshare; but the anvil was used to hard knocks, and stood out against the blacksmith bravely. Indeed, if a certain metallic vibration was to be taken into account, the anvil had the best of it; for it had the last word. Only the unfortunate horseshoe came to grief; and, like the man between two stools who came to the ground, was battered into all sorts of shapes between the two disputants. Suddenly, 'Zeek, the bellows-blower, ceased for a moment in his occupation, and remarked, —

"One o' them, colonel, top o' the hill. On a hoss. Legs as long as a coulter."

"Twankeydillo! twankeydillo!" sung out Colonel Quagg, in great exultation. "Ile, 'Zeek, and plenty of it; for Jack Strap, the crittur, is getting tarnation rusty."

The fatal strap being "iled" rather more liberally than usual, the colonel grasped it in his mighty hand, and passed out at the smithy door.

He saw, coming towards him down the hill, a long-legged, yellow-faced man in black, with a white neckcloth and a broad-brimmed hat. He bestrode a solemn-looking white horse, with a long tail. He had but one spur (the rider), but it was a very long and rusty spur. In his hand he carried a little dog's-eared book; but, as he rode, he sung quite softly a little hymn. . . . .

Colonel Quagg waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished, and the horseman had got to within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out in a terrible voice, —

"Hold hard!"

"Brother," said the man on the horse, "good evening, and peace."

"For the matter of that," responded Colonel Quagg, "rot! Hold hard, and git out of that hoss."

"Brother?" the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

"Git out, I tell you," cried the blacksmith; "legs and feet. Git out, you long-tailed blackbird. Git out, for I'm riz, and snakes will wake! I want to talk to you."

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was indeed Brother Zephaniah Sockdolloger; for his face was quincier than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he shut one eye and expectorated.

"Now," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the horse-block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance, "where do you hail from?"

"From Punkington City, brother," answered the Reverend Zephaniah.

"And whar are you a goin' tu?"

"To Rapparoarer City."

"And what may you be goin' for to du in that location?"

"Goin' on circuit."

Colonel Quagg shook out the strap to its full length, and passed it through his horny hand.

"There was a brother of yours," he said sententiously, "that went to Rapparoarer City last fall. He passed this edifice, he did. He met this strap close by here. And this strap made him see comets, and dance like a shaking Quaker, and feel uncommon like a bob-tailed bull in fly-time. . . . . And I *du* hope," the colonel continued, "that you, brother, aren't of the same religion as this babe of grace was as met the strap as he was riding. That religion was the Grace-Walking religion, and that religion I always lick."

"Lick, brother?"

"Lick. With the strap. Dreadful."

"Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the minister, "for such, I

know, is your name in the flesh, I *am* a preacher of the Grace-Walking connection. Humble, but faithful, I hope."

"Then," returned Colonel Quagg, making an ironical bow, "this *is* the strap with which I am going to lick you into sarse."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "cast that cruel strap from out of thine hand. Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coulter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace, and love, and good-will; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide. For, from the uplifting and downfalling of those wicked instruments came never good; but rather boiling tears, and bruises and blood, and misery, and death."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk as long as you like; but talk while I am a-licking of you. For time is precious, and must not be thrown away nohow. Lick you I must, and lick you I will — hard."

"But, brother — but, colonel ——"

"Rot!" exclaimed the colonel. "Straps is waiting. Stubs and fences! I'll knock you into horseshoes and then into horsenails, if you keep me waiting."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of 'm. Air you ready? Will you take it fighting, or will you take it lying down? Some takes it fighting; some takes it like lambs, lying down. Only make haste."

"Goliah Quagg," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and not one that goes about raging with sword and buckler, like unto Apollyon, or a corporal of the Boston Tigers; and I would rather not take it at all."

"You must," the colonel roared, now fairly infuriated. "Pickled alligators! you must. Hold hard, you coon! Hold hard! for I'm a goin' to begin. Now, once more; is it fighting, or is it quiet, you mean for to take it?"

"Well," said Brother Zephaniah, "you are hard upon me, colonel, and that's true. It's fighting or lying down, isn't it?"

"Ay," returned the colonel, brandishing his strap.

"*Then, I'll take it fighting*," the man of peace said quietly.

Colonel Quagg halted for a moment, as if amazed at the

audacity of the Grace-Walker. Then, with a wild halloo, he rushed upon him very much as a bob-tailed bull does rush about under the aggravating influence of flies. His hand was upon the minister's collar; the strap that had done so much execution in its time was swinging high in the air, when —

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, astonishment, and despair of a schoolmaster caned by his pupil; of the Emperor of China sentenced to be bambooed by a Hong Kong coolie; of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade expulsed therefrom by a boy with a basket; of a butler kicked by a footpage; of a Southern planter cowhided by one of his own darkies; of a Broadway dandy jostled by a newly-landed Irish emigrant; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple-woman; of the Commander-in-chief of the army desired to stand at ease by a drummer; of the Pope of Rome blessed with two fingers by a chorister boy? If you can imagine anything of that sort,— but only if you can, —you may be able to form some idea of how Colonel Quagg felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-directed, and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders, on his arms, on his legs, — all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he was being hit everywhere at once, — when he found his strap would hit nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

Sledgehammers! Sledgehammers were nothing to the fists of the Grace-Walking brother. A bob-tailed bull in fly-time was an animal to be envied in comparison to the colonel. He danced with all the vigor of a darkie toeing and heeling a hornpipe. He saw more comets than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ever dreamed of. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then that his ribs went in and his blood came out. Then his legs failed under him, and he fell down all of a heap; or, perhaps, to speak classically and pugilistically, he hit out wildly, felt groggy, and went down at the ropes. The tall brother went down atop of him, and continued pounding away at his body, — not perhaps as hard as he could, but decidedly much harder than the colonel liked, — singing all the while the little hymn.

"Hold hard!" gasped the colonel at last, faintly. "You

don't mean murder, do you? You won't hit a man when he's down, much more, will you, brother?"

"By no means," answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist, nevertheless, with a tremendous "bash" upon the colonel's nose, as if there were a fly there, and he wanted to kill it. "But you've took it fighting, colonel; and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you," groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You air so mighty hard, you *air*."

"Oh! you give in, then?"

"Ay," murmured Colonel Quagg, "I cave in."

"Speak louder, I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes!" repeated the colonel, with a groan. "I du cave in. For I'm beat; whittled clean away to the small end o' nothing — chawed up — cornered."

"You must promise me one little thing, Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the Reverend Sockdolloger, without, however, removing his knees from the colonel's chest. "You must promise, before I leave off hammering of your body, never for to ill-treat by word or deed any of our people, — ministers, elders, deacons, or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the colonel; "only let me get up. You're choking me."

"Not to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable critturs as are coming or going past your way."

"I promise," muttered the colonel, who was now becoming purple in the face.

"Likewise," continued Zephaniah, playfully knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking of rum; which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being on the trunk-line to perdition. And, finally, you must promise to come to our next camp-meeting, clean shaved, and with a contrite heart."

"No," cried the almost expiring colonel, "I won't, not for all the tobacco in Virginny! Nor yet for Martin van Buren or Daniel Webster! Nor yet for to be postmaster!"

"You won't, brother?" asked Zephaniah, persuasively raising his fist.

"No, I'm darned if I do."

"Then," said the Grace-Walker meekly, "I must sing you another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quagg's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated, but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already hideously-bruised face and body. All he could hear was the snuffling voice of his tormentor singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn. . . . . He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life, and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it, colonel," answered Brother Sockdolloger, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my hoss a bit. He cast a shoe just after I left Punkington."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE CONFESSION.

PADDY MCCABE was dying one day,
And Father Molloy he came to confess him;
Paddy pray'd hard he would make no delay
But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.
"First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,
"For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."
"Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin' I fear
'Twould throuble you such a long story to hear,
For you've ten long miles o'er the mountain to go,
While the road *I've* to travel's much longer, you know:
So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle,
To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle;
And the docthor gave ordhers to keep me so quiet —
'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it,
And your Reverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,
'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all:
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,
"The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;
And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."

Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,
And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,
And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—
"Oh, murdher!" says Paddy, "don't read any more,
For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,
Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue;
Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins,
That your Reverence should have any hand in *my* sins;
So you'd betther suppose I committed them all,
For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,
Or if they're a dozen, or if they're four-score,
'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them, asthore:
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy,"

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,
So you must forgive all your enemies truly;
And promise me also that, if you should live,
You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live newly."
"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
"Except that big vagabone Micky Malone;
And him I will murdher if ever I can —"
"Tut, Tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;
For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."
"Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case,
With your Reverence and Heaven I'm content to make pace,
But with Heaven and your Reverence I wondher — *Och hone*,
You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone —
But since I'm hard press'd and that I *must* forgive,
I forgive — if I die — but as sure as I live
That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy! —
So, *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

LOVER.

A COURT LADY.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark,

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves;
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove the lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,— free by the stroke of the sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stept to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying — a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheek with her hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling . . "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessèd are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice? — she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were
kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my
brother?"

Holding his hands in hers: — "Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to
die on."

Holding his cold rough hands, — "Well, oh well have ye
done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a
spring —
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TICKLED ALL OAFER.

THE Chief of Police yesterday had a visit from an old farmer living out on the Center Line road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts, he began: —

"I vhas goin home, last night, ven I overtakes two men on der roadt. Dose fellers dey laft, und saidt would I gif 'em a ride? I laft, too, und say, 'shump in.'"

"Yes, I understand."

"Pooty queek one feller laft, und saidt he likes Dutchmens, 'cause his uncle vas a Dutchmans. Dot vhas all right, und so I laft, too. I vhas real tickled, und I shakes all oafer."

"Yes."

"In a leetle vhile one feller vhants me to shange a seventollar bill, so as he could gif some money to der orphan assylums; und he lafts, ha! ha! ha! Dot tickled me some more, und I lafts too. Den de odder feller, he grabs me py der collar und pulls me down behind, und says dey looks in my pockets for a shteampoat dot vos stolen from Detroit. Dot makes us all laff, like some goot shoke."

"It must have been funny."

"It vhas. Dose fellers took out my wallet and counted oop der monish. I had shust ten tollar; und dey laft, und said dot dey must go on some trips to der seashore mit dot. Dot tickled me some more, und I laft, too."

"Well, what then?"

"Vhell, den dey shumped oud, und put deir fingers on der noses, und says, 'Goot-py, old Dutchmans,' und avhay dey goes like some horse-races."

"And you didn't laugh at that?"

"Vhell, not pooty much. I vhas all ready to, but I shtopped. If dem fellers vhas up to shokes, it was all right; but if they vhas robbers, I vhants you to catch 'em, und gif 'em some pieces of my mind, like dunder. I doan' like somepody to laff at me vhen they doan' feel tickled all oafer."

A PENITENT.

Arrah, Nora, don't look like a thunder-cloud darlint:
What harm if I did stale a kiss from your lips?
No sinsible bee meets a smiling young rose, sure,
But stops, the sly thafe, and a honey-drop sips.
And, rose of the wurruld, spake aisy now, ain't I
More sinsible far than a vagabond bee?
And how could I see the swate kiss that was lying
There on your red lips, as though waiting for me,
And not take it, darlint? Och, Nora, give o'er!
Faith, I'm awful sorry — *I didn't take more.*

'Twas your fault, intirely. Why did you smile at me?
So great a timptation no man could resist,
For your laughing blue eyes, and your cheeks wid a dimple.
And your dilicate mouth said, "We're here to be kissed."
And could I be dreaming they didn't spake truth, dear —
Sure beautiful futures like thim never lie;
If they do you should hide them, and not be desaving
Such an innocent, trusting young fellow as I.
Are you frowning still, darlint? Och, Nora, give o'er!
Don't I tell you I'm sorry — *I didn't take more?*

Margaret Eytinge.

NEBUCHADNEZZAH.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's holdin' ob de lines.
You'd better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin';
But I bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! better min' out—
Fus' t'ing you know, you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear this line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up,
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plough this fiel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac',

Dar, *dat*'s de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him ploughin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a beat him—
Now dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him—
You must *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger;
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a'clickin',
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks ob kickin'—
Whoa, dah! Nebuchadnezzah.

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debble got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'—
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

ERWIN RUSSEL.

DEATH OF STEERFORTH.

I WAS aroused at eight or nine o'clock by some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?"

"A wreck! close by!"

"What wreck?"

"A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought down on the beach she'll go to pieces every moment."

I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street, where numbers of people were before me, all running in one direction, — to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Every appearance it had before presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose and bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A boatman laid a hand upon my arm, and pointed. Then I saw it, close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, — especially one active figure, with long curling hair. But a great cry, audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore; the sea, sweeping over the wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman said, and then lifted in, and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships. As he spoke there was another

great cry of pity from the beach. Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, this bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two of the four men were gone.

I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and I saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

Instantly I ran to him, for I divined that he meant to wade off with a rope. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men not to listen to him, not to let him stir that sand.

Another cry arose, and we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man, who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

I was swept away to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding to the latter.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and as his death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave this cap. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend, *the* once dear friend, — Steerforth.

Ham watched the sea until there was a great retiring wave; when he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, — borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hillside of water moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, — and the ship was gone!

They drew him to my very feet, insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house, and every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned, and all was done, a fisherman who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir, will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look, and I asked him, "Has a body come ashore?"

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

He answered nothing. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children, — on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat blown down last night had been scattered by the wind, — among the ruins of the home he had wronged, — I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

DICKENS.

THE SERENADE.

JOSIE JOHNSON, she was a sweet spinner who spun,
And Sam Salter, her lover, a singer who sung,
And her heart with his wiles like a wringer he wrung.

As the yarn on the spindle was winding, she wound
Her affections around him, which finding, he found
A pleasure in grinding the bosom he ground.

For Sam's fickle heart, it did swing as 'twas swung
To a girl in the choir who did sing where he sung,
And made walls and rafters to ring till they rung.

So one night, serenading her, creeping, Sam crept
To her window, while Josie, who weeping had wept
Her eyes almost out before sleeping, now slept.

The stars strewed the sky thick as ever 'twas strown;
The zephyrs blew balmy as ever they'd blown;
And Sam threw his voice slick as ever he'd thrown.

The maid serenaded, she tore, or did tear,
Out of bed, and the clothing she wore she did wear,
And herself to the window she bore or did bear.

Josie, too, at Sam's voice lightly springing up sprung
From her couch, and the shutters back flinging she flung,
And meanwhile to her rival Sam, singing, thus sung:

"Cruel alto, thy voice sends the dart it has sent
That rends this fond heart — more precisely, has rent—
And which bleeding now spends the last drop it has spent.

"O deal not the wounds thou hast formerly dealt,
For I kneel at thy window — or rather have knelt;
But make me feel better than ever I've felt."

Could Sam in his plaint more time spending have spent,
Or more pathos still to it lending have lent,
Towards him his girl's heart, fondly wending, had went.

But here Josie, enraged, cried out, "Bleeding or bled,
I'll teach you you'd better be heeding your head;"
And a pitcher near by, swiftly speeding, she sped.

Now Josie, though not a singer who sung,
Was something in the way of a flinger who flung,
For square on Sam's forehead the wringer it wrung.

But the missile was frail, for, in cleaving, it cleft;
So then, bleeding in earnest, Sam, leaving it, left —
One damsel bereaving, the other bereft.

THE "OLE MARSTER'S" CHRISTMAS.

"YER axes me what dis heah is, sah?
Well, hit's nuffin', sah, but jes' er coat—
Jes' wun ob dese long, gray, ulsty kin',
Whar buttons close up on de th'oat.
I got hit ter fit on er fren', sah,
An' I'se gwine an' wid my own han'
Ter wrop hit eroun' de bes' hart, sah,
Dat is beatin' ter day in dis lan'!

"No, tain't fer nobody whar's kin ter me—
'Cept dis, sah, dat in dem ole days
'Fore de wah an' fore freedum cum in, sah,
He wuz den my 'Ole Marster' always.
He wuz kin' an' ez jest ez er judge, sah,
An' always done right by us all,
An' he nebber forget w'en twuz Christmas
Ter hab sumthin' in han' fer us all!

"But de wah an' destruckshin cum on him,
An' he loss all he had in de lan',
An' feebled, an' fren'less, an' weak, sah,
Had ter lib by de wuck ob hiz han'.
I tell yer de fite's bin er hard 'un—
Dis keepin' de wolf fum de do',
An' off'en he'z sed he'd gib up, sah,
An' not try ter fite enny mo'!

"But I'd brace him up, sorter-like, sayin':
'Dar's better times cumin' ahead—
Jes' keep on er peggin' an' prayin',
An' nebber say die tell yer dead!'
An' so, he'd keep tryin' an' tryin',
But he couldn't keep up a strong lick;
An' at las' had ter gib up hiz weepon
An' lay down like a little chile, sick!

"Den we dun de bes' wuck in de wull', sah,
Ter bring him ag'in ter hisse'f,
Ter keep his po' body awhile heah,
An' keep in hit hiz flickerin' bref;

But I seed him dis mawnin' so po'ly,
So thin, an' so pale, an' so bar',
Dat I jes' tuck er holt on my heart-strings
An played 'em fer all dat wuz dar!

"So I'se tuck all de munney I'd laid up
Fer ter buy me my own Christmus gif',
An' boughten dis coat, good an' warm, sah,
Fer ter gib my Ole Marster a lif'!
I know he'll be glad wid de cumfurt
Hit'll bring ter hiz weakly ole frame;
While me? — I kin skirmish eroun' heah,
An' feel happy an' rich jes' de same!"

So went the old man on his mission
As happy as ever a king,
His heart beating holier music
Than ever a mortal can sing.
And though others may think that a nigger
Has never the gift of a soul,
He's got something will pass for its equal
When Heaven shall call its last roll!

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

HOW THE COLONEL TOOK IT.

IN SQUARE. — AN AFFAIR IN THE PENINSULA.

WE were standing foot to foot, and giving shoot for shoot,
Hot and strong went our volleys at the blue;
We knelt, but not for grace, and the fuse lit up the face
Of the gunner, as the round shot by us flew.
Oh, the bugle it blew loud, the shot blew in a cloud,
And the bayonets of the boys were at play;
The old Colonel, puffing fust, was almost like to bust,
With shouting "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

Bedad! our steels were thick, and it made us mad, not sick,
To see the brave boys melting like the dew;
But the colors overhead, with a whirling gust of red,
Like a thunder-cloud above us fought and blew.
The Colonel he was blown, yet he struck up Garry Ow'n;
"I know who'll be tired first of this play:"
And every now and then, like a dragon from his den,
He outs with "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

My right-hand man went down with a cut upon his crown,
Och! his bloody teeth were clenched with the pain;
And, bursting with a shout, all the Frenchmen rode about,
Slashing just like reapers at the grain.
"Let them pound, an hour or more they must wait outside the door,"
Cried the Colonel, hot and savage with the play;
He shook the color-staff with a shout and with a laugh,
Roaring out — "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

With a hiss and with a rush, and a will to pelt and crush,
Drove the bloody, tearing grape through our rank;
On leg, and arm, and brain, fell that sharp and bitter rain,
Yet we never winked a ha'porth, or yet shrank.
The drummers, all a-beat, gave an angry fretful beat,
As the wind blew the cannon smoke away;
"Och! the Colonel, boys, is hit, yet beside the flag he'll sit,
Crying out, "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

Then we couldn't stand it longer, and our hot rage grew the stronger,
As we spread in a moment into line;
O, Colonel, true to you, on the cavalry we flew,
All our bayonets down together — it was fine.
We broke them like a net — la! our steel they never met,
And we drove them all in heaps on that day;
O, the Colonel fairly screeched, to see Ney overreached,
And thundered, "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

When the boys came back to rank we found him on a bank,
Rather pale, with a cloth about his head;
He'd a bottle by his side, and, full of honest pride,
I saw his cheek burn with a sudden red;
Then he grew so wan and weak, he couldn't hardly speak,
But I listened as the wagon drove away,
And may I die alone, if the boy we call our own
Didn't whisper, "*Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!"

WALTER THORNBURY.

ROBERT EMMETT'S LAST SPEECH.

I AM charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! — and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, — not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for "ambition"!

O my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life!

No! my Lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, and whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country! I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America, — to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as by its valor, — allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would preserve the good and polish the rough points of our character; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny.

These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad.

I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, — who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No! Heaven forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; — it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say.

My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, — and I sink into its bosom!

I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world; — it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, — then, and not till then, — let my epitaph be written! I have done.

THE PARTING LOVERS.

GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart! It can't be ten, I know;
That clock had better "go a little slow!"
I do not see how it can have the face
To take "new deals" at such a rapid pace.
Full well I know ten minutes have not flown
Since it struck nine! Good-night, my love, my own!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, yes; last night, while going down Broadway,
Whom do you think I met? Dick Gray!
Just home from Europe! You should hear him talk!
'Twould make a mummy laugh to see him walk!
He struts around with such a killing air.
Ha! ha! Good-night, my love, my jewel rare!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie! Wait, dear! I forgot to tell
You something. Let me think! That's funny! Well,
It's gone, and in a moment so am I.
My darling, how I hate to say good-by!
Some fellows would much later stay, I know;
But "Ten," your mother says; so I must go.
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Some time, bewitching Kate — ah! some time, sweet —
"Good-by" shall we consider obsolete.
No more will clocks strike terror to my heart,
And in exultant tones bid me depart.
Ah! now, like Cinderella at the ball,
I fly from happiness! Good-night, my all!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie dear, is't too much trouble, think,
To get a match? I could not sleep a wink
Without my smoke. It is a lovely night,
So clear and sweet, and it is just as bright
As day. Well, I must tear myself away.
Thanks, dear! Good-night, once more I'll say!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, dear! How stupid of me! There's my cane —
I must come back and get it! Should it rain
To-morrow eve, will come and let you know
About the party; if not, we'll go.
Hark! Catch me ere I fall! Oh, what a shock!
It strikes again! Good-night! Confound that clock!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

MARY E. DAY.

THIS MEANS YOU, GIRLS.

COME here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. That is right. Sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my gout and corns, besides being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always pander to this habit, and you will in time find yourself walking through green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect. You may be walking alone, to be sure, but will have fewer lawn dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts, and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster-cans and pieces of barrel-staves at it, as you did at the cow yesterday. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten up her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she has kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not attractive then as you are

now. And along through those years of childish sunshine and shadow, she was ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would be bright wavelets of sunshine, chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby-kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late. There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen, stringing beans for dinner. And after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make little spit-curls as you used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing, and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience, you may explain to him that you feel under more obligation to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him, ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm peppermint for you when you were dying with the colic, or how many hours he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quieted any other way. Ask him to repeat Mother Hubbard backwards, and, if he is unable to do it, it will be proof positive that he is not the one who has repeated it and explained it to you seventeen hundred times. Catechize him to find

if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress, and sat up at night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new bonnet last winter that you might enjoy a twelve-dollar one that you admired so much. Wring from him a confession that he has a stitch in his side brought there by doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and help your mother pick currants for jelly, and I guarantee you will think more of yourself, the world will think more of you, and you will be happier and better for having done so.

PECK'S SUN.

RAMON.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead —
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame —
Woke to hear this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine —
"Bring the sot, alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to get the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling from below
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Brings them out, and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope,
Face to face with death shall cope,
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer.

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine:
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Senor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, Senor—" Here
He fell over by that sign
Dead as stone!

BRET HARTE.

THE VAY RUBE HOFFENSTEIN SELLS.

"HERMAN," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ye sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet"

"Vell, ye must sell 'em right avay, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats and I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem out, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more as seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the showcase, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"How, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat coat. I haf sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de next gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Rube Hoffenstein, my broder in Detroit, sells his cloding and udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a pair of suitable cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling, and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty of dem, my frent, blenty; at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them, and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave, the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else. I'se got all I want," said the negro, sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian vool, und dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vos gone down to noding, and dere vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vas goin round, und de doctors dell me it vas

the vedder. More dan nine beoples died roun vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick and hevy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took that goat home mit him yesterday, and vore it all day, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders, und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vas all right. Mister Jones vas a rich man, and he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets, and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Mister Jones vot owns de bank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Dat's powerful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur the schentleman, and throw in a cravat; it will make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind, I'll keep the coat on," replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, and doan forget to dell dem dot Mister Jones vot runs de pank on Canal streed vore it yesterday."

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow, —
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,
And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.
And, oh, that the sailor were safe once more,
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"
Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,
But resolute still; 'tis the sailor's way.
And perhaps — at the fancy the stern eyes dim —
Somebody is praying to-night for him.

Ah, me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her merry look,
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;
The baby crows from the cradle fair;
The grandam nods in her easy-chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.

The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.
Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever float o'er that isle of calm.
Oh, friends who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think, when the vessels are overdue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home,
'Mid the cruel blasts and the curdling foam,
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips
For those who must go "to the sea in ships;"
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

YOUNG GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead; that good old man, —
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,
  His hat is new and gay;
He cannot bear to view distress,
  So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters — fitting snug
  O'er patent leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled;
  He smokes cigars, and chews,

A chain of massive gold is borne
  Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
  Than were old Grimes' best.

In Fashion's court he constant walks,
  Where he delight doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
  But softer is his head.

He's six feet tall — no post more straight;
  His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
  And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace;
  His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin's the very one
  That old Grimes used to own.

His dicky tall adorns his face;
  His neck, a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church, for change,
  And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

He sports the fastest "cab" in town;
  Is always quick to bet;
He never knows who's President,
  But thinks "Old Tip's" in yet.

He has drunk wines of every kind,
  And liquors cold and hot;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
  Of man Old Grimes was not.

B. P. SHILLABER.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. MELICENT OGDEN, *a widow.*
Mr. SYDNEY MAURICE, *a bachelor.*

SCENE. — *A wood, backed by an autumn landscape. Baskets and other paraphernalia of a picnic scattered carelessly about.* Mrs. OGDEN *discovered seated on a bank at the foot of a tree,* L.C.; Mr. MAURICE *standing beside her looking off* R., *his eyes shaded by his hand. Shouts and laughter heard off* R. *at rise of curtain.*

Mr. M. (*turning to his companion, still shading his eyes*). One would imagine, judging from those happy youths and maidens, that the violets were here instead of the golden rod, and that the roses were coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go as merrily to gather autumn leaves as they went to seek May's sweet blossoms. Life's spring makes all seasons its own.

Mrs. O. (*laughing*). True. But that is no reason you should protect your sight any longer. You have turned your back upon the sun.

Mr. M. (*dropping his hand*). When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. O. (*slowly*). That was a great many years ago.

Mr. M. Well, say fifteen.

Mrs. O. At least sixteen.

Mr. M. Is it possible? Looking at you, I can scarcely believe it to be half that number.

Mrs. O. You have not lost your talent for flattering.

Mr. M. I could not lose what I never possessed. I abhor flattery. Time must have fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life, — I don't wonder at it, — and the old gray-beard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, only gazed upon you smilingly, and passed on. No hand of his has been laid upon your dark tresses. He has never touched your broad, smooth brow. Your wide brown eyes have the same sparkle, and your pretty mouth the same smile as of old. Only your form is more matronly, and your chin not quite so round; and I should suspect (*glancing at her hand*), that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopena I

ever gave you — I let you catch me, by-the-by — was a pair of gloves. As for me, the footprints of the crow are plainly visible around my eyes; my hair and my moustache are turning gray, and the button-holes of the brown coat in which you first beheld me wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so. Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. O. 'Tis false! He has only touched you with one finger. You look your age, I will confess — nine-and-thirty — but not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no "silver threads among the gold." So, Mr. Maurice, you get no sympathy from me on that score.

Mr. M. (*suddenly, after a moment's thought*). Ah! Melicent, what happy, happy days those were when you, seventeen, and I, two-and-twenty, were so wildly in love with each other. That is, when I was wildly in love with you, and you were very much in love with me. Do you remember the morning in early April when the bluebird flew in at the open window, and perching above your picture, sang its few sweet notes over and over again? And you declared it was an enchanted prince, like the one in the fairy tale, who had flown thither for love of you! And you made kisses at it, and called it such pretty pet names that I actually grew jealous of the bird.

Mrs. O. Yes, I remember it well. And the day we went for water-lilies, and came near being drowned.

Mr. M. And I said: "In what more beautiful shape could death come to us?" The smiling sky above, the smiling waters beneath, and the fragrant flowers around us.

Mrs. O. You were awfully poetical. But in spite of the poetry, I caught a severe cold, and looked like a fright for a week. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were sauntering through the woods one August day, and the fearful clap that shattered the maple-tree beneath which we sought shelter?

Mr. M. Can I recall it? Can I ever forget it, you mean. For that same clap which you call fearful, but which I thought Heaven sent, threw you into my arms, and — I — kissed you.

Mrs. O. (*blushing*). And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and stopped to rest on the porch of the widow Marshall's cottage when half way home,

forgot them, and left them all there; and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. M. (*with emphasis*). In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. O. (*ignoring the interruption*). And the day I stole the jar of peaches from the storeroom, when we contemplated a lunch among the hens and chickens in the barn, and it exploded ere it reached its destination — having been quietly fermenting for a year or so for the purpose of, at the proper time, stopping a thief — and brought all the household about me? And Aunt Mira held up her hands in horror — poor, dear Aunt Mira! — and made us go to the dining-room and take lunch, as she said, "like Christians."

Mr. M. And the day I started for Japan, and you promised to remain true to me forever. Do you remember that?

Mrs. O. (*leaning forward to look down the path*). Indistinctly.

Mr. M. (*impulsively*). Melicent, why weren't you true to me?

Mrs. O. I was; though appearances, I must confess, were against me.

Mr, M. You were true to me? Why, I hadn't been gone three months when I heard of your flirting desperately with Jack Hall!

Mrs. O. Poor Jack! He was so entertaining, and used to say such funny things. I nearly died a-laughing at them many a time. But as for flirting with him — you accused me of it in your second letter — and I was so indignant that I did not answer it.

Mr. M. (*sarcastically*). Ah! it was indignation, then, that kept you from replying.

Mrs. O. I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards and jested, and laughed together — and that's all.

Mr. M. And Will Brown?

Mrs. O. Poor, dear Will! His brains were all in his feet, What a capital dancer he was! No one could step with me as he did. And it's so refreshing to find a partner who don't tread on your train, or jerk you awfully about, or stop before

the dance is half through. I did dance with him a great deal one winter, but that's all.

Mr. M. And Percy Germain?

Mrs. O. Poor, dear Percy! I never heard anybody, not even you, repeat poetry — especially love poetry — as well as he did. He used to give me lessons in elocution, and taught me many beautiful poems. One commenced, if I remember right:

> "First love will with the heart remain
> When long years have gone by,
> As frail rose blossoms still retain
> Their fragrance when they die."

He was very patient and kind with me, though I'm afraid I was a very provoking pupil.

Mr. M. (*walking to and fro, irritably*). Humph! extremely kind. And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. O. Oh, bless his dear old heart. He took me out yachting three or four times — with a party of course — and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's day. But the idea of flirting with him! (*laughing*). Fancy one flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr. M. And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. O. Oh, dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. M. And you?

Mrs. O. I? I regarded them as brothers, with the exception of Mr. Atkins. I thought of him, as I said before, as of a grandfather.

Mr. M. But Mr. Ogden, whose wife you became — you must have regarded him as something more than a brother, or — a grandfather!

Mrs. O. Well, yes, Sydney—I should say Mr. Maurice—

Mr. M. I am quite satisfied with Sydney.

Mrs. O. I did. Fred was a fine-looking, dark-eyed, Spanish-complexioned fellow, with an Italian voice. He sang divinely, and you know I always adored music (what a pity you don't sing! and you look so baritony), and he was here, and you were in Japan; and one lovely, moonlit, summer eve, Fred sang that loveliest of love songs, "Ah, te o cara," from "Puritani," you know, in a heavenly manner. I was completely carried away by it, and when I came back to earth again I found myself engaged. I had promised myself for a song.

Mr. M. (*meaningly*). He was very wealthy, was he not?

Mrs. O. (*demurely*). Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. M. After you married him?

Mrs. O. After I married him. You seem to be well informed on the subject (*with a little sigh*). He was a very good husband, and never scolded me during all the ten years of our married life.

Mr. M. And you loved him.

Mrs. O. Certainly. As soon as we were engaged I considered it my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. M. Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs. O. (*rising and crossing to* R). You had not written for three months. You were angry about some one of the "brothers" or "grandfather," I forget which; and papa, who didn't like you as well as mamma did, said you weren't coming back for five years. Five years; why, that length of time seems an eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You never asked papa, and he was on Fred's side anyhow. And yet, now that we are old people, I will confess that I was very fond of you. I never went to gather spring flowers with any one else.

Mr. M. Nor water-lilies?

Mrs. O. Nor water-lilies.

Mr. M. Never was caught in a thunderstorm with a "brother" or "grandfather?"

Mrs. O. Never.

Mr. M. In short, you only married another?

Mrs. O. (*not noticing the last remark*). And you — can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? I could scarcely believe our hostess — how strange that we should meet here, after being separated for such a long, long time! — when she told me so. Are you quite sure you have left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. M. Quite sure. I don't like almond eyes. I like well opened, large, brown eyes that glow in the light like rare old sherry (*crossing* R., *to her*). Melicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a pretty woman.

Mrs. O. (*with much animation*). Sydney, Miss Rallston's a nice girl — a few years past her teens, but very girlish — and she's awfully fond of you. She knows all of your favorite dishes. I can only remember you have a fancy for poached eggs and peaches. She ordered your breakfast before you came down this morning, to save you the trouble she said, and you fairly beamed when the waiter brought it to you. She reads Macaulay mornings to talk him with you evenings. She practices — oh, heavens, how she practices! — when you're away, the two songs you like so well — "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." She is pretty. You needn't shrug your shoulders; she is. True, the blue of her eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not so golden as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long.

Mr. M. I never admired fair hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. O. She would be constant. I know she would. I never saw any male body paying her the slightest attention. I mean I never saw her coquetting with any one. She never could be sung away from you. Never! I'd stake my life on that.

Mr. M. (*absently*). What fools we men are!

Mrs. O. Have you just discovered it?

Mr. M. We forgive everything to the woman we love, and we love bewitching, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts.

Mrs. O. And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

Mr. M. Because we are fools, I suppose. Melicent, have you any charity for a fool?

Mrs. O. It depends upon what "fool," and the manner of his foolishness.

Mr. M. He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact, that in spite of your faithlessness, he loves you still. Will you marry him?

Mrs. O. (*looking anxiously*). If it were not too late in the season I should fear we were threatened with a thunder-storm.

Mr. M. (*extending his arms*). If you are at all frightened, Melicent, come to your old refuge. I am as ready to receive and kiss you as on that summer day, sixteen years ago.

Mrs. O. (*nestling in his arms*). Sydney, to become your

wife will be a fearful punishment. Pause, before you inflict it upon me; for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring-flowers, no more summer-blossoms for us, nothing but autumn-leaves.

Mr. M. (*kissing her*). My darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn-leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.

HARK!

"HARK!"
She sat upright in her bed,
The gold hair from her head
Crisping, coiling, wandering low
O'er her bosom cold as snow.
For the heart in her breast stood still,
And the blood in her veins ran chill,
At the sound she heard in the dark.

"Hark!"
It sounded like the scream
Of a dreamer in his dream.
Yet her eyes were wide and blue,
Piercing midnight through and through:
Her parted lips were white
With the terror of the night,
And her arms spread stiff and stark.

"Hark!"
Wakened the mother mild:
"Why dost thou call, my child?
The kindling morn is not yet red,
The night is silent, the winds are dead.
To-morrow thou art a bride:
Sleep, darling, at my side."
But again she whispered, "Hark!"

"Hark!
Hear the slow steps that bring,
Stumbling, some dreadful thing!
Hear the low, hushed voices calling!
Hear the sullen water falling!

Hear! oh, mother, hear!
They are setting down the bier;
And the watchdog does not bark."

Hark!
The sudden taper burned.
The key in her cold hand turned.
Nothing in the lofty hall, —
Stillness, darkness, over all.
"There's not a creature here,
No bearers, nor a bier,
Nor anything but the dark."

Hark!
The wedding-bells ring loud.
The wedding-revellers crowd,
Waiting, watching, still she stood
In her bower's white solitude,
Waiting in her bower
For the bridegroom and the hour,
Watching the dial's mark.

Hark!
The creeping shadow is there:
He is coming up the stair,
Coming! Stumbling steps and slow
Up the stately staircase go.
Low, hushed voices, — "Bring him here.
Softly! now set down the bier."
Dripping waters dropping fall
On the flagstones of the hall, —
It is this she heard in the dark.

Hark!
The tolling bells ring low,
And the mourners come and go.
Whiter than the palest bride,
Low she lieth at his side:
For she looked out on the dead,
And her life was smitten and sped.
She will nevermore say "Hark!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

INTENSELY UTTER.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE ON AN ÆSTHETIC DAUGHTER AND A PRACTICAL PA.

A FEW months ago a daughter of a Nassau man, who had grown comfortably well-off in a small grocery line, was sent away to a female college, and a few weeks ago arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot in Albany when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk home. When the train had stopped in the Union Depot a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide brimmed hat dashed from the cars and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles towards home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Greenbush; I consider it somewhat about two miles beyond Greenbush, continuing from the Bath-way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter exclaimed, "I mean this horse and wagon. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony or even a single poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believed it used to be used as an express-wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but

the conversation appeared to be in a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiate, as they drove up to the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how d'you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shout — I mean, I consider it too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are sumptuously stunning — I mean grand — so exquisite — so intense; and then the parties, the calls, the rides — oh, the past weeks have been one of sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so — I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup — half full — "but how about your books, readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three — how about them?"

"Pa, don't," exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French and music, and painting, and the divine in art that has made my school-life the boss — I mean that has rendered it one unbroken flow of rythmic bliss — incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The groceryman and his wife looked helplessly across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said: —

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria!"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum-preserve is simply a poem of itself."

The old man abruptly arose from the table and went out of the room rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast-table the next morning he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked: —

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boarding-school business is too much nonsense.

"Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd con-

summate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness.

"Now, after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust up-stairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes.

"I want it distinctly understood that there ain't going to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening. ALBANY CHRONICLE.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.*

BALAKLAVA, OCT. 25, 1854.

THE charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley — and stayed,
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called, "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die,
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

* The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter, and Shegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right,
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crashed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light.
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud.
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red-coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed,
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;

Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day:
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered, and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

TENNYSON.

THE CHAIN OF GOLD.

THREE stalwart sons old Sweyn, the Saxon, had,
Brave, hardy lads for battle or the chase;
And though, like peasant, barbarously clad,
Each wore the nameless noble in his face:
One o'er another rose their heads in tiers,
Steps for their father's honorable years.

One night in autumn sat they round the fire,
In the rude cabin bountiful of home;
Mild by the rev'rence due from child to sire,
Bold in the manhood unto mast'ry come;
Working their tasks o'er huntsman's forest gear,
Loos'ning the bow and sharpening the spear.

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweyn, the Saxon, stood,
Leaning in silence 'gainst the chimney stone;
Staring unconscious at the blazing wood,
Steep'd in the mood of mind he oft had known,
As an old tree, whose stoutest branches shake,
Scarce from their vigor sign of life will take.

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done,
Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside,
Edric, the fairest, tiring of his fun,
Left the old hound to slumber on his hide;
Yet was their sire like one whose features seem
Shaded by sleep, and all their light a dream.

Bold in the favor of the eldest born,
Athol, for both his younger brothers, spoke:
"Father, the fox is prowling in the corn,
And hear the night-owl hooting from the oak;
Let us to couch." But Sweyn had raised his head,
And thus, unwitting what had passed, he said: —

"See, from my breast I draw this chain of gold;"
Fair in the firelight royally it shone, —
"This for his honor that shall best unfold,
Who, of all creatures, is the most alone;
Take him from palace, monast'ry, or cot,
Loving, unloved, forgetting, or forgot."

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look;
"He is the loneliest — most alone of all,
Who, in a skiff to the mid-seas forsook,
Finds not an echo, even, to his call;
If Echo lived not, all alone were he;
But there's no echo on the solemn sea!"

And Alfred next: "But lonelier, brother, far,
The wretch that flies a just, avenging rod;
To him all scenes are waste, a foe the star,
All earth he's lost, yet knows no heaven, no God;
Most lonely he, who, making man his foe,
Unto man's Maker dareth not to go!"

Thus spoke the lads, with wit beyond their years;
And yet the old man held his beard and sighed,
As one who gains the form his wishing wears,
But misses still a something most denied;
Upon his youngest eager looks he turned,
And Edric's cheek with grace ingenuous burned.

"I think, my father," — and his tones were low, —
"That lonelier yet, and most alone is he,
Scarce taught, though crowds are leading, where to go,
And one face missing, can no other see;
Though all the Norman's court around him moves,
He is alone apart from her he loves."

A hush fell on them. Then, with loving air,
And all the touching romance of the old,
The hoary father kissed young Edric's hair,
And o'er his shoulders threw the chain of gold;
Then fell upon his darling's neck, and cried:
"I have been lonely since thy mother died!"

GARFIELD.

SURELY, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rendering of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy.

Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great nation bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

J. G. BLAINE.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born!
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times — they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place — keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends — may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves — God bless our loving wives!

ANONYMOUS.

CARCASSONNE.

I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know —
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill, —
It lies beyond the mountains blue, —
And yet, to reach it, one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And, to return, as many more!
Ah, had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store, —
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay, —
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon, —
A bishop and two generals.
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right, — he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind —
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone, —
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend!
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end;
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan, —
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (heaven forgive him!) half way on,
The old man died upon the road: —
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

THE MATE OF THE BETSY JANE.

It was the schooner Betsy Jane,
From Boston for Quincee,
And the skipper had hobbled down below
To take his rye whiskee.

Red was his nose as a carrot tip,
His breath of potations told,
And the only use for water, he swore,
Was to float his vessel bold.

The skipper he turned up from below
With a new light in his eye;
And he looked aloft and he looked alow,
And he gazed at the evening sky.

"A good fair wind, and an easy sea,
And a fust-rate mate I've got;
I'll finish that bottle of Bourbon," he said,
And his vessel he soon forgot.

Oh, woe for the skipper who filled so full!
The mate was a pirate bold,
And he took a deep oath on a marlinspike
That his aim was gore and gold.

He had read of the deeds of Morgan and Teach,
And he revelled in Captain Kidd,
And he had spent a year on Squantum beach
In searching for treasures hid.

He laughed to scorn the winds and waves, —
"I'm the Sea King, and I'll fix
This vessel up as a pirate craft" —
(She was loaded then with bricks).

Oh, the chaste, full moon looked down that night
On a lad of royal mien,
Who stood at the helm of the Betsy Jane,
Aged just about thirteen.

He aimed to rival the Boy Buccaneer,
And he cautiously looked around,
And matured his plans as the vessel sailed
From Quincy to Boston town.

He would take the Betsy Jane to sea —
Ho, ho, for the Spanish Main!
And the Florida Keys and the Bahamese,
And hurrah for the Betsy Jane!

He would make the skipper walk the plank,
And a plank he accordingly fixed;
He would stand on the end and tilt it up —
Oh, he knew the pirates' tricks!

So he called the skipper up from below,
And he gently led the way
Where the plank was leading from the side
To the waters of the bay.

Full half a foot o'er the raging sea
The end of the plank was fixed —
The Betsy Jane sailed very low,
(She was loaded deep with bricks).

And the pirate, armed with a marlinspike,
Drove the captain to his doom;
He tumbled him over into the sea,
Abaft of the main jib-boom.

Then loudly laughed the pirate bold,
And again he laughed in glee,
"Through Shirley Gut the Betsy Jane
Will sail away to sea!"

But alas for the schemes of the pirate bold!
The skipper on board had climbed,
And with a rope's end in his hand
He gently came behind.

The laughter came to a sudden end.
The pirate's reign is o'er!
When he rose from athwart the captain's knee,
He seemed to feel quite sore.

The Betsy Jane sailed on her way
From Quincy to Boston town,
But 'twas fifteen days ere the pirate bold
Found comfort in sitting down.

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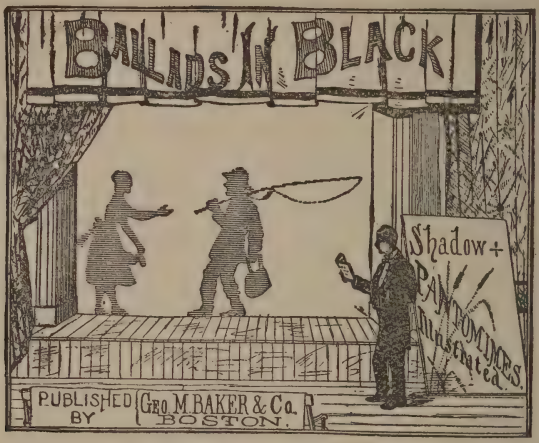

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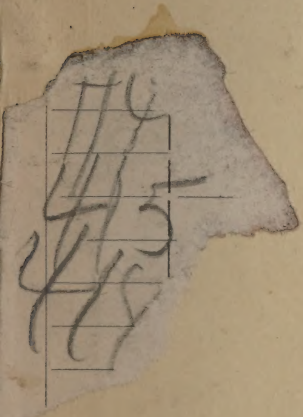

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